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THE OUTCAST.

Ragged? So ragged a dog would sniff
At his tatters! And yet he sits there as if
He may have known some day, back in the past,
Before he becam- what he is—"outcast"—
Some such place, that he called his home,
Where a mother listened to hear him come,
As the dusk drew on, to the fireside where
She gathered her jewels—and he was there!

Hungry? Yes, for a sup of rum
And the cheer such as he may find in a slum;
But hungering, too, with a dull, strange smart
At the bottom of what was once a heart,
For a sight of the group about the blaze
On the hearth he sat by—in other days!

Cold? The colder for thinking how warm
He used to be in there safe from the storm
Which has so often frozen his finger-ends
That he and the sleet have at last become friends,
Cold? There's a shiver that numbs the blood
Even in veins that might well flow—mud,
When the ice of memory breaks, and the rift
Shows a guiltless childhood's sunny drift
One moment, and then is frozen again,
While the shiverer, thinking of now and then,
Wonders if he, and his like, are the men
Who were boys like that?
And the picture—
What is it brings that back when all else is a blot
In memory's maze? Can he see thro' the gloom
Where it hangs on the wall of the sitting-room
The face of a boy with innocent eyes,
Ignorant yet of deceit and lies;
A mother-boy, who is not too old
To be kept, like a lamb, in the mother's fold!

He shivers again and the shadows pass
From the mirror of time; see, it comes in the glass—
This face of his own lost youth;
Shall he knock?
No; were she alive such an awful shock
Might kill that mother, whose loving hand
Caressed him—"the finest boy in the land!"

The shadows gather; upon his ear
The rush of a current sounds strangely near
And soft as the plash of waters falling,
He hears, with a shudder, a wild voice calling—
The river, the river!

For all who are cold
And weary and homeless, whose hearts are old—
For all who are tired of the strife,
The pangs and perils that we call life—
It calls in the twilight;
"The echoless shore"
Will know him to morrow as "only one more!"
—*New York World.*

WARNED BY A GHOST.

BY EDWIN ROBINSON.

"And so you are to be married to-morrow morning, child?"

Irene Clifford's little room, pink with the shadow of the morning roses that crowded the rustic casements, was full of the dainty paraphernalia of the wedding-day. White lace, white orange-flowers, and pallid jessamine buds, lay around in graceful confusion; pearls gleamed from an open velvet case on the dressing-table; and folds of priceless white silk shimmered like snow-wreaths on the bed. Irene, sitting in their midst, looked herself like a fair white lily, with her complexion of cream and roses, and her pale gold ringlets and shady blue eyes.

"Yes, to-morrow morning, Maria. Come, wish me joy."

Maria Hewitt shook her head, where the silver threads were already beginning to gleam through the sunny brown braids.

"I can't wish you joy, Rena—I can't, indeed. Oh, I had hoped to see you stand at the altar with another man than Mark Eldon by your side. Don't think me unsympathetic, Rena; but to-night, of all nights in the world, I keep thinking of Wilfred Mayne."

Had it not been for the pink shadow of the roses still on her cheek, Irene Clifford would have been very pale, as she rose from her seat, with one hand pressed convulsively to her heart.

"Of Wilfred Mayne, Maria? Of the noble hero who died two years ago off the coast of Spain, when the 'Otranto' was wrecked, and every one on board perished."

"But I can't believe he is really dead, Rena," said the elder lady, speaking with passionate emotion. "Suppose—only suppose, for an instant—he should one day return, to find you, his affianced bride, the wife of another man."

"Do the dead ever return from their ocean graves, Maria?"

"The *dead*—no."

"Maria," said Irene, clasping her slender hands together, and speaking in a voice that betrayed powerful, though suppressed emotion, "you should know how truly and tenderly I loved Wilfred Mayne, how precious his memory still remains to me. But you should also know that the many benefits Mark Eldon has showered on my poor father, the years of devoted love he has given to me, ought not to go entirely unrewarded. I do not love him! *That* feeling perished when the 'Otranto' went down along the orange-blooming coast of Spain; but I respect and esteem him. I will do my best to be a good and dutiful wife to him. Oh, Maria, you, of all others, should be the last to disturb the convictions of my conscience at such a moment."

Maria Hewitt said no more, she only shook her head, and began quietly to arrange the disordered room, touching the pure white wedding decorations as sadly as if they had been funeral habiliments. And Irene, trying to throw off the heavy weight that lay upon her heart, spoke softly of other subjects, as the red sunset died away among the crimson petals of the clustering rose, and the radiance of the western sky began to soften into tender, dusky gloom.

"Do you like those stiff, artificial orange-blossoms, Maria? asked the expectant bride. "Sometimes I fancy that a few simple white roses from my own garden would be sweeter and less conventional."

"Well, perhaps, they would," commented the spinster, thoughtfully turning the wreath round.

Irene started up."

"At all events, I am determined to try the effect," she said. "I'll run down into the garden and gather a few, just to see."

The solitary vine-embowered garden walks lay in a sort of violet shadow beneath the warm twilight firmament. Through the dense bows of a grand old norway pine, one star glimmered like a lace of gold shooting downward from the heavens, as Irene Clifford flitted along, her dress brushing perfume from spicy clusters of clove pinks, and velvety pansies, and both hands full of rose branches, while almost unconsciously she murmured the burden of some old song.

Such a wild, piercing cry as suddenly rose up into the twilight softness, as the roses fell from her hand, and her cheeks blanched whiter than their own petals—such a wild shriek of terror as rent the evening stillness! And when Maria Hewitt reached the shadowed garden walk, she found Irene lying on the ground totally senseless, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead.

To bring some water from the old well under the laburnums was the work of but a moment; and under Miss Hewitt's skillfully directed care, Irene soon returned to her senses, with shuddering sighs and faint, hysteric gasps.

"Dearest, what frightened you?" asked Maria, when at length Irene sat up on the low garden bench and looked around her with wild, uncertain eyes. "Did you hear any thing?"

"No."

"Did you see anything?"

Irene's face of white horror struck a chill even to Miss Maria's stout heart, as she said, in slow, measured syllables, speaking like one under the influence of strong, mesmeric power, "I did see something. I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost!"

"Irene!"

"I tell you I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost! The ghastly face I have so often beheld in dreams lying amid sea-shells and coral—but I never thought to see it thus."

"Tell me how and where," cried Miss Hewitt, intent only on quieting the strong spasmodic emotion that racked Irene's slender frame.

"As I came round the path, singing idly—Heaven help me!—I saw it standing among the laurels, erect and motionless, looking at me with such sad, reproachful eyes!"

"My dear, it must have been an optical delusion."

"It was no optical delution. I saw it, Maria, as distinctly as I now see you."

Miss Hewitt glanced toward the black sepulchral clusters of laurel, with a slight chill creeping along her blood.

"But, Rena, we know that such things are impossible. Ghosts are but a relic of old-times superstition."

"Impossible or not," broke in Irene, wildly. "I know that this night I have seen the shadow of him who was once Wilfred Mayne! I know that his ghost has risen up from its grave under the green billows that wash the Spanish shores to warn me against this fatal marriage! It is enough—it is enough! I will never plight my troth to Mark Eldon at the altar. I will live and die sacred to Wilfred's dear memory."

"But, Rena, you surely do not believe——"

"Believe, believe!" interrupted Irene, with passionate emphasis. "I tell you, Maria, I know that Wilfred's ghost rose up before me this evening!"

And Irene fell, weak and trembling, on her friend's faithful bosom.

All that night Maria watched Irene's bedside with anxious, loving care, much fearing lest an attack of brain fever should follow on this sudden shock and unwonted excitement—and her tender precautions prevailed.

"Put away the silk and the pearls, and the long white veil, Maria," said Irene, as the ruddy dawn peeped in through the open casement; "I shall never need them now."

When Mark Eldon came at the appointed time to claim his promised bride, Irene told him all that had occurred to her, in a faint, stifled voice.

"I cannot marry you, Mark," she said, at the close; "I cannot give my hand without my heart, after this warning from the very depths of the grave."

Mark's dull complexion turned a shade more yellow and sickly still as he listened.

"Irene, you will surely not let this figment of a disordered brain come between us now?"

"I shall never marry, Mark," she answered, with a quiet, calm determination, against which he plainly saw that his will was but as nothing.

"Irene," he remonstrated, "I have loved you better than my own soul. Do not leave me alone through life."

But her answer came, firm and changeless, "I shall never marry now."

And years ebbed by, and Irene Clifford kept her word.

II.

"An old maid!" she murmured to herself, as she stood at the mirror in her little chamber, at a sea-side hotel, brushing out the sunshiny luxuriance of her long, yellow hair. "I heard the little 16-year-old girls telling their companions this morning in the hall, that I was an old maid! Well, perhaps they are right! And yet—how I should have laughed, ten years ago, at the idea of my ever becoming an old maid."

She smiled in the glass as the fancies passed through her mind—and the glass smiled back a sweet, oval face, with tender blue eyes, and a skin yet delicate as the lining of a sea-shell. Irene saw it, and took courage.

"I am not an ugly old maid yet, in spite of my thirty years," she thought, trying on her hat for a morning stroll through the woods, with a book in her hand, by way of companion.

How quiet they ere, those still, green aisles, with shifting gleams of sunlight and the starry gleam of wild-flowers dotting the turf at her feet. Irene wandered on, and on, unconscious of the slow lapse of time, until—by the singular sensation that one can not analyze or describe—she suddenly felt that she was no longer alone.

Looking up, she saw, seated on an old dead stump, with a sketching board on his knee, and his forehead shadowed with the broad rim of his hat, a solitary man. He glanced up at the same instant.

It was the self-same face she had seen among the laurels in the violet gloom of the midsummer night, ten years since, no longer pale and ghastly, but bronzed and swarthy—it was the face of her lost lover, who sailed in the "Otranto," long, long ago!

"Irene!"

He rose, and stood half hesitating an instant. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her parched mouth. Was this, also, a sickening delusion? Would his semblance of humanity, too, fade away into mist and shadow?

"Irene, my dearest, fate has thrown us together once more!" he said advancing at last with the color coming and going on his cheek.

But she sank away shuddering.

"You are not Wilfred Mayne!" she articulated wildly. "Wilfred Mayne died at sea twelve years ago.

"But I am Wilfred Mayne, and he did not die at sea twelve years ago, Irene," he said, taking her hand in his—no ghostly hand, but the soft, warm palm of pulsing life and vitality—"he was preserved by an interposition of providence little short of a mirrcle; and when, recovering at Madrid from the long fever that succeeded his peril, he wrote to the girl who had promised one day to become his wife, no answer ever came. Irene, how do you account for this?

"I never got the letter!" she gasped. "As Heaven is my witness, the last news I ever heard from you was that you had perished, with all the crew of the 'Otranto,' when she went down!"

"And yet I directed it to the care of your lawyer, Mr. Eldon."

A burning crimson spot rose to Irene's cheek. Like an open book, before her rose up the whole network of Mark Eldon's treachery and deceit. She knew it all now.

"And when," he went on, after a moment's silence, "I had waited in vain for months, I came here only to hear the idle gossip about your wedding. That was the way in which I learned the blight of every hope I had ventured to cherish. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'so let it be. I will not disturb her dream of happiness with my white, wasted face, and broken heart. I will be to her as if I had never been.' But in spite of my good resolution, Irene, I could not resist the temptation of trying to see you once again. Do you remember that summer night in the garden?"

"I remember it! Wilfred, I firmly believed that your ghost had risen up from the dead to warn me against the coming marriage."

"And did you accept the warning?"

"I did."

His face lighted up under the shadow of the broad-brim hat.

"I had not looked for such happiness as this," he said, in a low, deep voice. "I have dreamed of it sometimes; but the waking has always followed too soon. Thank heaven! the dreams are over at last. My love," he spoke eagerly, with hit misty eyes searching the depths of her own, "the morning of our lives has been shadowed by dark fate and still darker treachery. Is it too late to devote its noontide to each other, still? Is it in vain that we have been constant to each other all these years?"

They walked home together with her hand resting lightly on his arm, and her heart beating close to his own. Ah! such a dreamy, happy, lingering walk.

And long before the green, quivering leaves turned to pendants of gold, the "old maid" became a happy wife, and Maria Hewitt traveled all the way to Cheviot to witness the ceremony.

Where Wild Fowl Go.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States it was a matter of wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from temperate climes on the approach of summer, as well as snow birds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon River and the lakes of that hyperborean region. A reporter recently interviewed C. J. Green, of Norton Sound, Western Alaska, and he confirms the statement of Dall and others.

"People wonder where all the wild fowl come from," he said. "They see the sand-bill crane, wild goose, heron and other fowl every spring and fall pursue their unwearied way, but, like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whither they go. Up on Golovin Bay, on the North shore of Norton Sound, is the breeding place of these fowl. All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans and thousands upon thousands of sand-bill cranes are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the blue-stem grass in the low-lands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay, the noise of the wild fowl was almost deafening. Myriads of swallows and robbins are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse wearing red combs and feathered moccasins. This grouse turns white as snow in winter. You can kill a dozen of juicy teal ducks or grouse as fat as butter balls in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries, with which all the hills are literally covered."

A Vanderbilt as a Bookworm.

George Vanderbilt is a slim-built, pallid-faced man of retiring manner, with bluish-gray eyes and a brown mustache. He is only 29 and the master of $10,000,000, yet he eschews society and leads the life of a conscientious professional bookworm, poring over mouldy and obscure yet priceless editions of the classics in the luxuriant library of his Fifth avenue mansion. He has a pretty turn for art, which, however, does not prevent his attending the German opera on occasions, and he is an expert canoer. He is not particularly robust, but, being a bachelor, he is the cynosure of all the match-making mammas about town, to whom he gives a wide berth, and is building a home in North Carolina which promises to be a revelation. He is said to be writing a historical novel.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

PLEASANTRIES.

TOO FLY—The young bird.

IT is in the legal profession only that a man can make a lengthy brief address.

"HOW DO you like your beau, Jennie?" "He's a fellow after my own heart."

A MAN who has been married four times cannot tell his wife she is his better half; she's his fourth.

BACON—The doctor said you had a very high fever, last week. 'Egbert—I guess he was right. I notice by his bill his charge was $25.

HARDBAKE—Don't you allow your wife any pin money? Skinflint—No, sir; all the pins she requires I buy myself from the street pedlers.

REVIEWER (writing)—It is a remarkable work of fiction. A person who had never read a novel before might follow it from beginning to end.

NO HALF WAY MEASURES—Baggs—Do you and your wife ever quarrel, Uncle Ephraim? Uncle Ephraim—No, sah, we neber quarrels, we jest fights.

LITTLE GIRL—If you've called for the rent, papa forgot to leave it out. Rent Collector—How do you know he forgot it? Little Girl—Because he told me to say so.

"THESE are my household gods," he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment. "But you lack something," she remarked. "What?" "A household goddess."

MRS. SLIMPURSE—Anything new in the paper? Mr. Slimpurse—N-o, except that the husband of the woman whose fine dresses you have been envying has fled to Canada.

"SIR!" he said to the proprietor of a dry-goods store, "I have called to notify you not to trust my wife on my account, as she—" "Don't worry, sir, it has been ten years since you had any credit at this store!",

"MR. PRETTYBOY has been pressing me for a song," said Miss Sweetlips, as she rose from the sofa and came forward to the piano. And then she wondered why she blushed and everybody smiled.

INQUIRING CHILD—Mamma, why did they make General Washington's statue of marble and General Lafayette's statue of bronze? Mamma (after some thought)—I presume General Lafayette was a brunette.

FIRST LADY—My eldest daughter Prudence has had a proposal. Second Lady—Indeed! First Lady—Yes, and is to be married. Second Lady—Then it is quite true that she has lately been left a lot of money.

CENSUS AGENT—And what is your husband's occupation, madam? Lady of the House—Put him down as a dog-trainer. Census Agent—A dog-trainer, madam? Lady of the House—Yes, he works the growler.

TWO GENTLEMEN calling at the house of one who bore the name of Fish, and observing the portraits of the children of the family on the walls, one of them remarked to his companion, "Sardines." "Yes," replied the other, "little fishes done in oil."

FORMER "PAL"—What do you mean by that advertisement in the paper, reading: "Big opening for the right party with a small capital. Fortune in a year?" All-round Advertiser—I mean that there'll be a fortune for me in a year—if enough fools put their money into the big opening.

HOW DEAR to my heart is the school I attended; and now I remember, so distant and dim, that boy Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars set up a din. That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy, that loud-shouting Billy, who sat on a pin.

The Marvels of Creation.

Jones was giving his son an object lesson in natural history.

"You see, my boy," said Jones, "how mysteriously nature, that suspends cocoanuts on tree branches a hundred feet from the ground, to the great annoyance of travelers, distributes her gifts. There is the humble and slow-going turtle, for example, out of whose shells the best combs are made, but which in turn is utterly unable to use them, not being able to boast of a single hair."—*Judge.*

A Charming Substitute for a Garden.

Of late years many persons grow plants in window boxes. The expense is trifling; in many instances it would be nothing at all, for old boxes could be picked up, the soil obtained anywhere, and the seeds or cuttings can be had for the asking from some neighbor who loves and grows flowers, and is willing to divide, as most plant growers are. Persons who grow plants are very generous, says *Parlor and Kitchen.* All you want is a box as long as the window is wide, and eight or ten inches deep. If such a box is not to be found, when wanted, set "the boys" to work making one. They may not produce a very elegant affair, but it will answer your purpose, and the practice of making it will be of value to the boys, who ought to be made familiar with the use of tools. You can cover it with cloth, or paint it if you choose to, but in a short time nature will cover it in her own way, if you give her material to work with. Fasten it to the outside of the window on a level with the sill. Let a couple of stout braces run from the outside edge of the box to the house below. Get the best soil you can get to fill it.

About the outer edge put cuttings of some drooping plant. You can use the tradescantias— commonly known as wandering Jew—saxafrages, Maderia vine or vincas, or almost any plant that will grow rapidly and droop well. For the center of the box nothing is equal to the geranium, if you want plenty of flowers and brilliant color. A heliotrope is a most satisfactory plant for use in these boxes, for it will bloom all summer, and is exquisitely fragrant.

At the ends plant morning glories, to train up and over the window. They will blossom until frost comes, and you will never get tired of watching their delicate, trumpet-like flowers. Scatter some mignonette seed over the soil, if you happen to have it. The mignonette is unrivaled for fragrance. Nothing will come amiss in these boxes.

You must bear in mind the fact that these boxes are so exposed to the air on all sides that it does not take long for the moisture to evaporate from the soil. Therefore, if you would succeed in growing good plants, you must attend to their needs, and see that they are not left to suffer from thirst. Make it a rule to water them thoroughly every night or morning.

A box of flowers growing before a window is a charming substitute for a garden, and affords a vast deal of enjoyment all through the season.

"Heoric Courtesy."

A recent French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration," cites an amusing instance of what he calls heroic courtesy.

Percy, Lord Beverly, invited to dine with him a marquis, one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Conde.

Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French King, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine,—one hundred years old,—"a ray of sun shut in crystal."

He opened it carefully, and offered a glass to the marquis, saying: "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the King?"

The marquis tasted the wine.

"How do you like it?" asked the host.

"Exquisite," replied the marquis.

"Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass; only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a King."

The marquis did as he was bidden without hesitation; only when the Englishman tasted the wine, did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor-oil; and thenceforth he held the politeness of the French toward the English in the highest esteem.

Crowded Quarters.

An Indian waited for a train at a Northern Pacific station in Idaho and while there saw the agent talking into a telephone box.

"Umph," said the Indian. "Who you talk to?"

"I'm talking to a man," said the agent.

"Heap little man if him live in there," said the buck.—*Chatter.*

IT is stated that there are 40,321 physicians in the Empire of Japan. The population of the country is put down at about forty million.